

The Wichita Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, EDITOR.

THE AMERICAN AND THE HEBREW.

The Jew has found America the most congenial, the American the most friendly and considerate of any nation of history or people of any time, so far as the Hebrew race is concerned. And so when representatives of that race ask this government to protest against outrages perpetrated against the Jew by Russia, the government acquiesces even at the risk of forfeiting the friendship of a powerful nation. At another time when outrages were being committed against the Hebrews of Russia President Harrison informed the people that "this government has found occasion to express in a friendly spirit, but with much earnestness, to the government of the Czar, its serious concern because of the harsh measures now being enforced against the Hebrews in Russia." Mr. Harrison's opinion that "the suggestions of humanity furnish ample ground for the remonstrances which we have presented to Russia," is the one which should be held today by the authorities at Washington.

The trouble in Russia is as much a religious as a racial one. The American has no national religion. He is tolerant of all faiths and beliefs. Hence his respect for religious liberty. Not so with Russia. And so the American naturally sympathizes with the Hebrews of Russia who are fighting for religious liberty and therefore the readiness of President Roosevelt to listen to and act upon the recent appeals made to him by representatives of the Hebrew race. And the petition which he is to forward makes a strong point wherein it expresses the hope that the Czar "will proclaim, not only for the government of your own subjects, but also for the guidance of all civilized men, that none shall suffer in person, property, liberty, honor or life because of his religious belief, that the humblest subject or citizen may worship according to the dictates of his own conscience."

The Czar we hope will receive the Hebrew petition in the spirit in which it is sent, and in the end it should increase rather than diminish the friendly relations between the two powers.

CANNOT GET OVER IT.

The newspapers are still pounding the people of Wilmington, Delaware, on permitting the execution of the negro rapist by a mob. And many ministers can't get over the horror of it all. A great English divine declared in New York that if he had been on hand he would have taken a hand in saving the life of the victim from the stake. We read these and similar views almost daily, and yet the victim of the brute whose life paid the penalty of his black crime was the young innocent daughter of a minister and a clergyman said the things which led to the organization of the mob. Both of these had been Christians and law-abiding men. The clergyman, Rev. Elwood, whose burning words incited the fury of the mob is finding life a burden. His mail is loaded with testimonials of approbation and certificates of denunciation. The judge who wouldn't convene his court for an extra term to try the prisoner is defending his action in vigorous language. The terror and fury evoked by a mob is a menace to law, order and the very existence of civil authority. A mob is dangerous even in a good cause. Mob rule means anarchy, death and destruction. Yet that judge's chances for remaining on the bench are slim.

WOMAN'S WAY FOR WINNING OUT.

The sun of the day of man's rule and leadership has dipped its lower edge below the horizon. He has had his day, and it has been a long one, but he is being lost sight of in the shadows of its evening. Woman is the real star of empire and at a dizzy pace westward she forces her way. The eastern woman will catch on later. The educators of today, except in a few old musty colleges for the training of athletes, are women. The National Educational Association, now being held in Boston is made up of women. The few men present are allowed to do the talking for the sake of appearances. But the women are running it. She is dead set on educating everything, including Indians, indigents and the contingent in knee breeches that grow up to be men. At the recent competitive civil service examination in Washington, more than 77 per cent of the women passed and but 62 per cent of the men. But it's in the west where woman is getting in her work in a way that is convincing. The daughter of the governor of Colorado has been made a colonel. If the average ambitious western woman fails to catch on to something that will attract public attention she joins a club.

It was a woman in the Colorado legislature who secured an appropriation recently of \$100,000 to establish a home for dependent children. We must remember that woman has not only a voice in some of these new states, but a seat.

Another woman, a member of the Utah house of representatives, got herself appointed chairman of the judiciary committee. The national superintendent of Indian schools is a Wyoming woman, and both Idaho and Colorado have women state superintendents of public instruction, the one in Colorado now serving her third term.

It is also to be noted that a woman has just been made one of the five trustees to erect and manage the Carnegie library at Onondaga, N. Y. The daughter of Mayor Johnson of Cleveland is probation officer of the children's court. A woman has been commissioned by the agricultural department at Washington as special field agent of the United States government to establish silk culture in this country on a scientific basis.

The latest evidence that man is held by the progressive woman to be a mere superfluity, or at best a promoter of homes for foundlings and door-step waifs was found in a California dispatch in the

Eagle of day before yesterday, which announced that Mrs. Leland Stanford had been elected president of the board of trustees and assumed the responsibility of choosing and discharging professors. So while Carrie Young, the head of the W. C. T. U., is endeavoring to bounce the president of the California university Mrs. Stanford is taking full charge at Palo Alto.

LESS AND LESS USE FOR SOLDIERS.

Affairs and conditions in the Philippines must be vastly improving. The more intelligent of the Filipinos are evidently coming to understand that self-rule under American protection is preferable to Spanish military despotism. General Davis, commanding cables the secretary of war urging a reduction in the number of troops now stationed and maintained in the islands. In giving his plans for the reduction advised he suggests that there is no longer any use for scouts and patrols and that some of the posts should be abandoned outright as there is no longer any necessity for garrisoning them. The war department has the matter under consideration and the supposition is that a number of regiments will be returned home.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

(By Shakespeare.)

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat—
Come hither, come hither,
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live like the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither,
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

DEGREES CHEAP FOR CASH.

The trade in American college degrees abroad is described in some of the London papers as being quite lucrative, and much evidence has been gathered together proving that many universities in the United States make a positive traffic in the granting of these coveted decorations among ministers and clergymen. American degrees are said to be offered in London as low as \$25 and the matter has been brought to the notice of the house of commons. There are several hundred colleges, it is alleged, scattered all through the United States that confer the degree D.D. for prices to suit customers, and repressive action has sometimes been promised by this government.

AN ABSENT-MINDED PREMIER.

There are stories of Lord Salisbury when he was a young man with his head on fire. But it is to a later epoch of his life that the story belongs of his asking, "Who is that fresh-faced young man?" referring thus to Mr. Walter Long, the president of the local government board; and, of course, one of his own colleagues. I have heard that Mr. John Morley, lunching with some of the colleagues of Lord Salisbury at the Athenaeum club was asked to come along to the cabinet meeting about to be held. "I am sure," one of the cabinet members said, "Lord Salisbury will never know that you are not one of his cabinet."

COMMERCE PRACTICALLY ILLUSTRATED.

Last year Great Britain bought of the United States to the value of \$126,961,691 and sold to the American people merchandise worth \$43,981,073. British purchases from France were worth \$50,642,928, while the French bought of Britain only \$22,275,721. The trade with Germany was better balanced, Germany selling the British \$33,638,556 and buying to the amount of \$33,094,565.

Kansas City, Missouri, claims to be located on a navigable stream, because of which claim she commands reduced freight rates. Yet we read in her papers that her authorities have notified all residents that they must not use water for bathing or sprinkling. This complaint has held ever since the city acquired the waterworks. What the people down there will be like at the end of another six months, without bathing, can only be imagined.

Patterson, the city treasurer of Clyde, Kansas, who refused to turn over joint-license money, for which he was convicted of embezzling and sentenced to the penitentiary for three years, has been pardoned by Governor Bailey. However, it will still be risky for city treasurers to appropriate joint fines.

The childlike and simple Chinese are continuing to pay the indemnity demanded by the powers in silver at a rate far below the current exchange. If anybody thought the Chinese would get the worst of that bargain it is time to conclude that a mistake was made.

Sir Thomas Lipton having enjoyed his lunch at the White House confidentially informed the President that he had brought over a boat this time which would carry back that cup without question.

Girolamo Maria, Cardinal Gotti, son of a Genoese dock laborer who stands a big show of being Leo's successor, is one of the most magnificently handsome men that the sun of Italy ever shone upon.

Female suffrage obtains in Colorado, a state ruled by its petticoats it is asserted. As one proof the governor of that state has commissioned his fifteen-year-old daughter a colonel on his staff.

There has been a ghastly glare in the intense whiteness of the sunshine for the past few days, a whiteness like that of a corpse of a person scared to death with his eyes wide open.

Bryan would enjoy the Republican predicament of its elbows in the muds doing up its dirty linen a good deal more if Grover was less in evidence.

The Emporia Chautauqua proved a great success in every particular except financially, the management being left about \$2,000 in the hole.

One long standing demand of the Democratic party is being vigorously complied with by the Republican party, the rascals are being turned out.

Queen Alexander has put on a bonnet and a world of millions are breathless over the impending fate of the hat and its feathers and gemmings.

Kansas City, Missouri, is now discussing the feasibility of bluffing possible future floods, or of running them up against the bluff.

It has come to a pretty pass when the state of John Brown permits negro labor to be auctioned off in her harvest fields.

The story to the effect that the water in Great Salt Lake is becoming fresh should be taken with several grains of salt.

The army worm is marching across Dakota leaving less in its track than is left ordinarily by a cyclone.

THE BRONZE BUDDHA.

It ornamented the chimney piece of Claud Ramery, a clerk in the Boston office. It was a small Buddha, with the gilding nearly all rubbed off, and disfigured by blows from the pickaxes of the natives, who had found it while tearing down a deserted hut in the Laos.

An old schoolmate, who had died there, had bequeathed it to Claud, together with other curiosities, among which was a superb tiger skin, now suspended over his divan. The friends who visited Ramery greatly admired this savage trophy, also the statuettes and vases representing inferior divinities in grotesque attitudes symmetrically arranged on his shelves.

Claud would tell them that they were souvenirs of his travels, thereby inspiring them with great respect for him. Thus, though he had never accomplished any longer journey than his daily trip from the Batignolles to the Pavillon de Flore, he experienced the glory that attaches to great explorers.

But, strange to say, all the visitors, without exception, evinced toward the Buddha an inexplicable aversion. It had, they thought, a singularly ugly look. In truth, this god, with his sneering lips and eyes vague with beatitude, did seem to be disdaining mortals and the ineptitudes of their cares. Those strange orbs, full of smiling contempt for men and things, made one ill at ease.

Personally, Claud Ramery did not concern himself with such imaginings, and felt no uneasiness at giving house room to such an enigmatical guest. But one day a comrade called who had the reputation of being very learned and well-read. He examined the Buddha a long time, frowning portentously the while.

"Do you know," said he, presently, "that you have there a very peculiar Buddha?"

"Just like all Buddhas, isn't it?"

"Not at all; it is one of those said to have the Evil Eye."

"Oh!" said Claud, a trifle disconcerted.

"Why, haven't you observed his hypocritical look, and his mouth, so smug and sneering? One would say that he was meditating some ugly trick."

"Yes, that's true."

"As for me, I find something very sinister about your Buddha. How long since have you bought him?"

"I didn't buy him; he was given me by a friend."

"And your friend—where is he?"

"Dead."

"The devil! That is precisely what the natives claim—that Buddhas who have the Evil Eye bring death to those who possess them."

Claud, in spite of himself, grew pale at these words.

"You haven't noticed anything wrong have you, in your business or health since you got it?" continued the other.

"I don't remember anything. At the office, this year, they have raised my salary to two thousand two hundred; true, it was my turn. As to my health, well, on always has something or the other. Do you think I am looking badly?"

"Hum-m! Claud, do you know anything at all about psychological phenomena?"

"Not very much."

"It is this, you know, that science calls certain facts that seem supernatural."

"Does it explain them?"

"Not yet, but it will come. Who knows but what the proved influence of some Buddhas is a psychological phenomenon?"

"And you—what do you think of it?"

"That, in your place, I would get rid of that thing."

That night Claud Ramery did not sleep well. His mind, nourished upon positivism, would probably have shaken off the purely superstitious ideas of a friend. But doubt magnified in the face of the affirmation of the Academy Science. This Buddha had doubtless belonged to some fakir of the east, who, as all the world knew, were merely magnetizers; but—

Next morning, before going to the office, Claud's first care was to take down and wrap up his Buddha and start out with it under his arm. Not daring to throw it into the Seine for fear of a fine he decided to leave it at some convenient corner, at the discretion of the rag-pickers; it was better to be unknown than to be a friend. By thus putting it back into circulation, without giving this "hoodoo" a precise destination, his own responsibility became lost in vagueness—Fate should choose its own victim.

In front of a doorway he dropped his bothersome god. But instantly a threatening broomstick appeared and a hoarse voice cried:

"Take that away or I'll call a policeman."

As at that very moment there was a vision of a blue coat and brass buttons looming up the street, Claud resignedly picked up his Buddha and walked on. Then, when he reached the pretext for a drink, he who never indulged in such things entered a cafe, swallowed his mixture with the most innocent air in the world and carried his disavowal so far as to ask for the illustrated papers.

The account of a recent sensational crime in one of them set him to thinking of the crime that he was meditating; the instrument of death was there at hand, lying at his elbow, wrapped in a whirling sheet of newspaper, and his future victim—there he was, too, the proprietor of the cafe, majestically enthroned behind his desk.

"But why worry?" said Claud to himself; "that man has poisoned his contemporaries long enough. I am only dispensing him retributive justice!"

And having paid for his vermouth he conveniently forgot his Buddha reposing on the bench. Discreetly he passed to the door, walked through it, relieved.

"Monsieur! Monsieur! He has forgotten something!"

It was the waiter hurrying after him with his Buddha, and Claud—oh, the irony of fate—drew from his pocket a coin to reward this pious servant, who restored to him with such civility his torturing nightmare.

All at once, bethinking himself of the time, he looked at his watch and found that he was a good quarter of an hour late. A cab was passing. He halted it; this time he would abandon his Buddha on the cushions, like the pretty women who forget their packages.

His vehicle drew up at the Colonial Office; he got at the same instant a stout gentleman rushed forward in a hurry, and hustled into the cab, calling out his address to the driver as he did so. But he backed out again, only to be heard in a hoarse voice, shouting over his head, and shouting with all the strength of his lungs to Claud, who was already walking away.

"Monsieur! Monsieur! Your parcel!"

And Claud had to return and bow to this amiable gentleman, with agreeable smiles—not being able to kill him.

Decidedly, Buddha was hanging on to him; he wanted to keep his prey. And this uncomfortable preference he was showing materially increased the uneasiness of the poor young man. This uneasiness became so great at last, that, hoping for relief, he told his fellow-clerks all about his trouble. They shamed him for his positivism; argued with him on the silliness of superstition; in short, did their work so well that when evening came, and they separated, Claud was entirely reassured as to the innocuousness of his battered god. He was so convinced of it, indeed, that the very next morning he sent it with charges prepaid to his uncle in the country—where he was.

Dating from this moment, however, Claud Ramery's conduct fancied that they saw a strange change in his character at times he seemed extremely depressed; at others, exceedingly merry, expansive, and always making plans for traveling or other expensive luxuries for a future more or less near.

When six months after the Buddha had gone to his uncle in the country, a notary wrote to him from Paris, announcing his uncle's death, and summoning him to pay, announcing his uncle's death and summoning him to pay.

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FUN OF THE WORLD.

Not long ago, a manager of a Paris theatre, who was giving a gala performance, sent a note to a newspaper, saying that evening's show was "de figure." An American tourist, who had left his dress-suit home, had rented a box, and asked the manager to let him appear in a sack coat. "Impossible," said the manager. "Then give back the money," said the American. "Again impossible; the money has been already deposited." The American getting angry, refused to hire a suit. An inspiration came to the perplexed manager. "Cher monsieur, permit me," he cried; "we are of the same size. I have three suits; accept one, I beg you." The situation was saved, and the American was present that night. Now he and the manager are the best of friends.

The Pullman company has made a demand on F. P. Woolston, a prominent Christian endorser, to Denver for two hundred dollars damages to the sleeper in which he recently made his bridal trip. It seems that the car was captured by Woolston's friends and decorated in a unique manner. Men's and women's shoes and old horse-shoes and banners and things were nailed to the windows of the Pullman sleeper, inside and out. Nails were driven into the car with as much abandon as if it had been a picket fence. When the sleeper got back to Denver from Ogden it is said that it looked as if it had been the target for a Gatling gun. It was taken out of service and put in the shops, and now the Pullman company is trying to make Woolston pay for the repairs.

While in Canada, Lord and Lady Lansdowne pleased the Canadian people by their friendly and unassuming manners, which were in marked contrast to those of former governors-general and their wives. It is related that at a garden ball at Halifax the colonel of the regiment that was giving the dance came up to Lady Lansdowne and said: "Lady Lansdowne, won't you give me a dance, please? I'm tired of dancing with these silly little colonial girls. They have no style. I believe I'm engaged to one of them for the next dance, but you might be kind enough to rescue me." Lady Lansdowne replied, in tones loud enough for everybody to hear, that the colonel was unfit to associate with any decent people, colonial or otherwise, and concluded: "If this is the way you treat your guests I will relieve you of the presence of one of them at once." Then she ordered her carriage and left the ball.

Apocryphal of amphitheatres, I once in Rome encountered in the Colosseum a fellow tourist who was seated like, Marius on a broken column looking like the sawed section of a red-wood-tree, says Jerome Hart. He was trying to get his bearings with an Italian bay of Rome. He had a look of such profound bewilderment that I stopped and asked him if I could be of any help to him. His countenance lighted up immediately at the familiar sound of American-English and he replied:

"Why, yes, sir, you can, for a fact. Here's a map I bought from a peddler up the street, and it's all in Etyal. I asked him to show me the Colosseum, and he said that this was all right. But on the feller's map I saw this place has another name—A-n-f-f-e-a-t-r-o-F-a-v-i-a-n-o. Now what does that mean? Is this the Colosseum or isn't it?"

"Yes," I replied, "you are in the Colosseum. But I believe the Italian map-makers generally call in the Flavian amphitheatre."

"The h—l they do!" replied the aggrieved compatriot; "why don't they call it by its correct name?"

I had just been on the point of adding: Don't you remember Macaulay's famous line about the gladiatorial combats and wild-beast shows here—when cameleopard bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre?" But after the blast, I concluded that my friend would not recall the line, so instead I said "good-day." Ten minutes afterward I saw him trying to climb over the locked iron gateway, which shuts off the public from the dark vaults under the arena, which are "forbidden." When I left he was threatening the police officer who restrained him with the vengeance of the United States.

Colonel William Jennings Bryan is an enthusiastic live stock breeder and owns some very fine Poland China pigs. A. L. Sullivan, a neighbor of Mr. Bryan's, whose politics are pretty definitely indicated by the fact that he was elected treasurer of Lancaster county two or three times, is also interested in Poland Chinas. For reasons that stockmen well understand, Mr. Bryan and Mr. Sullivan agreed some time ago that it would be to their mutual advantage to exchange herd breeders, relates the Nebraska State Journal. The gentlemen quickly came to terms, and Mr. Bryan drove over to the Sullivan farm to deliver his part of the trade. After the pig was safe behind the Sullivan fence, Mr. Bryan said, with an air of some embarrassment: "Sullivan, there's a little matter in regard to that pig that perhaps I ought to tell you. The father of that hog was registered in the herd book under the name of 'Sixteen to one.'"

"Never mind that, Mr. Bryan," said Mr. Sullivan, reassuringly; "that's all right, and there's something I may as well tell you. The grandfather of the pig I traded you was named Mark Hanna."

When Mr. Bryan tells the story he stops here. A friend who listened to it the other day was not satisfied, however. "What did you do with your Hanna hog, Mr. Bryan?" he inquired. "Well," said Mr. Bryan, "I didn't want to be responsible for